

JK 325

• D3

Nationalism, Its Peril and Redemption

A Lecture

Delivered by

Jasper Tucker Darling, LL.D.

To the Faculty and Students of
Coe College



Cedar Rapids, Iowa
May 28, 1913

PATRIOTISM: ITS PERIL AND REDEMPTION

“When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union, on states dissevered, discordant, belligerent, on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood.

“Let their last feeble and lingering glance, rather, behold the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original luster, not a stripe erased or polluted, not a single star obscured, bearing for its motto, no such miserable interrogatory as — What is all this worth? — nor those other words of delusion and folly — Liberty first, and union afterwards; but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment dear to every true, American heart — Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!”

These words of Daniel Webster, whose brain was the temple and whose heart was the home of loyalty and patriotic love, inspire my soul as I speak to you this day.

PATRIOTISM! Inspired by the magic of its power, it becomes the master-spirit of man: The love of it annihilates all selfish purpose, lifts humanity to a higher level, and leads to nobler aims.

The spirit of an exalted, American patriotism ever has been, is now, and ever will be, the vital breath of this Republic.

In one of our standard authorities we are told that its meaning is “love and devotion to one’s Country — the spirit that, originating in love of Country, prompts to obedience to its laws, to the support and defence of its existence, rights and institutions, and the promotion of its welfare.”

Another authority says:

“Patriotism is the passion that aims to serve one’s Country.”

For the purpose of a clearer understanding of this subject let

us inquire:— What qualities of heart and soul must one possess in order to become a true and worthy patriot? One must be endowed with strong and steadfast convictions, and ever stand ready to put those convictions into practical use.

There are some, calling themselves patriots, who would consider it an insult were their claims to be doubted; and yet these same people, under the pretense of conservative wisdom, go out into the highways and listen to the voice of others, watching the weather-vane of public opinion, and then act in accordance therewith: Such may be justly called band-wagon patriots, preferring to be used as ballast for the benefit of others, rather than to remain steadfast upon well grounded opinions of their own. Such as these are never found on the vanguard, or out along the firing line in the performance of imperative duty.

There can be no spirit of greater good in the affairs of government than the spirit of patriotism.

Had the hearts of the people lacked that heritage when the life of this Union was assailed — had they faltered in their loyalty and love — there would be no flag of eight and forty stars — no beacons of Liberty enlightening the world.

A true patriot will dare dangers, and die, if need be, rather than see his country go down, her integrity destroyed, and her flag trailed in dishonor.

Poets and orators have charmed the world with their encomiums, lauding the virtues of this great gift:

Philip Freneau thus wrote of Washington upon his arrival at Philadelphia:

“O, Washington! thrice glorious name!
What due rewards can man decree —
Empires are far below thy aim,
And scepters have no charm for thee.
Virtue, alone, has your regard,
And she must be your great reward.”

Such exalted patriotism as Washington possessed will endure as long as the love of human liberty endures.

In a single sentence Patrick Henry, then in the Continental Congress, expressed the spirit of noblest patriotism as he exclaimed!

“I am no longer a Virginian; but an American!”

Captain Nathan Hale, condemned to die, when led out before the leveled guns of the British, became a heroic example of patriotic loyalty as he exclaimed:—

“I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my Country!”

The name of Nathan Hale lives with the immortals.

Among the noblest and most inspiring messages, bequeathed for the benefit of man, there are none expressing a loftier spirit of national patriotism than the words of Washington in his “Farewell Address.”

In reflecting upon that wondrous appeal one would almost be justified in the belief that he, standing in the twilight of his long and laborious career, pausing the while as the shadows were gathering round about, could look far down the vista and there behold, with clear view, the years to come — that his eyes could penetrate, with prophetic power, into the darkness and there see the dangers lurking below.

None, better than he, understood the dominant spirit of his people — those who felt they were the born leaders of the Western World:

None, better than he, knew the danger of an easily vibrating line between a land of slavery and of freedom.

George Washington! Patriot — Soldier — Statesman!

He took up the scales and poised them in serious contemplation.

Upon the one side he placed the slave-master, imperious and resolved to rule:

Upon the other side he placed the Northman, staunch and steadfast, his hands hardened and calloused with honorable toil.

He looked long and earnestly: He saw the menace of a limited few holding slave-whips in their hands, arraying themselves against the great masses, equally intelligent and equally brave, but whose backs must bend to the plow and hoe.

His heart grew heavy; his soul was racked with pain.

And could he see the wreck of all his labors?

Could he hear the crash of tumult — the roar of cannon — the compact of armies whose tread should shake the earth; even around his troubled tomb?

And could he see the stars, beautiful as the heavenly stars, struck, one by one, their light extinguished, falling from the blue field of that flag whose folds had been first lifted by his own hands and held aloft in the sky?

O, the vision! — the vision! — as it unfolded its vast proportions before him!

Let us recall a few of his words — words and sentiments — so loyal and so true, that it seems strange they were so soon to be forgotten by his countrymen:

“A solicitude for your welfare which cannot end but with my life, and the apprehension of danger natural to that solicitude, urge me, on an occasion like the present, to offer to your solemn contemplation, and to recommend to your frequent review, some sentiments which are the result of much reflection, of no inconsiderable observation, and which appear to me all important to the permanency of your felicity as a people.

“These will be offered to you with the more freedom; as you can only see in them the disinterested warnings of a parting friend, who can have no personal motive to bias his counsel.

“Interwoven as is the love of liberty with every ligament of your hearts, no recommendation of mine is necessary to fortify or confirm the attachment.

“The unity of government, which constitutes you one people, is also now dear to you. It is justly so; for it is a main pillar in the edifice of your real independence, the support of your tranquility at home, your peace abroad, of your safety, of your prosperity, of the very liberty which you so highly prize.

“But, as it is easy to foresee that, from different causes and from different quarters, much pains will be taken, many artifices employed, to weaken in your minds the conviction of this truth; as this is the point in your political fortress against which the batteries of internal and external enemies will be most constantly and actively (though often covertly and insidiously) directed, it is of infinite moment that you should properly estimate the immense value of your national union to your collective and individual happiness; that you should cherish a cordial, habitual, and immovable attachment to it; accustoming yourselves to think and speak of it as of the palladium of your political safety and prosperity; watching for its preservation with jealous anxiety; discountenancing whatever may suggest even a suspicion that it can in any event be abandoned, and indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts.”

Continuing his great appeal he said:

"In this sense it is that your union ought to be considered as a main prop of your liberty, and that the love of the one ought to endear to you the preservation of the other.

"With such powerful and obvious motives to union affecting all parts of our country, while experience shall not have demonstrated its impracticability, THERE WILL ALWAYS BE REASON TO DISTRUST THE PATRIOTISM OF THOSE WHO IN ANY QUARTER MAY ENDEAVOR TO WEAKEN ITS BANDS.

"In contemplating the causes which may disturb our union it occurs, as a matter of serious concern, that any ground should have been furnished for characterizing parties by geographical discriminations—Northern and Southern—Atlantic and Western—whence DESIGNING MEN MAY ENDEAVOR TO EXCITE A BELIEF THAT THERE IS A REAL DIFFERENCE OF LOCAL INTEREST AND VIEWS."

Drawing near to the close of his great lesson he spoke these words:

"IN VAIN WOULD THAT MAN CLAIM THE TRIBUTE OF PATRIOTISM WHO SHOULD LABOR TO SUBVERT THESE GREAT PILLARS OF HUMAN HAPPINESS—THESE FIRMEST PROPS OF THE DUTIES OF MEN AND CITIZENS."

Such, my friends, are among the declarations of that immortal document known as "Washington's Farewell Address."

Washington—"The Father of His Country"—the foremost patriot of the age in which he lived—the record of his deeds will endure to enlighten the ages as long as beacons of liberty burn to make bright the pathway of man.

His authority upon the subject of patriotism will stand unassailed and unassailable as long as truth is cherished—as long as God guides the destiny of nations.

As we consider the subject before us it is well that we take his words into our most serious contemplation.

It is well that we look toward the light lifted high by his hands for our guidance and for the safety of this fast-growing Republic.

At an early stage of his address he said:—

"Here, perhaps, I ought to stop, but a solicitude for your welfare . . . and the apprehension of danger . . . urge me to go on."

Why his "solicitude"?

Why his "apprehension"?

Why did he see "danger" and why did he speak of "designing men"?

He appreciated the frailties of this, then, infant republic: He well knew how easily it might be destroyed, and how eagerly insidious hands would engage in the undertaking.

He recalled the cost and all the sacrifices for its establishment. Visions of the past rose up before him.

Again he was gazing toward Bunker Hill and Lexington, Saratoga and Valley Forge.

Once more he saw Fort Griswold, and the farmers whose heroism hurled back Arnold and his alien hosts — Benedict Arnold, brave, brilliant, ambitious, but, to his Country and to her great cause, he was a traitor, his name anathematized before the world.

Again he was at Monmouth turning the tide of battle — turning the tide after being betrayed by Lee — redeeming the day and saving his loyal men from ignominious defeat.

Once more, in memory, the glories of Yorktown greeted his view, and a great Republic lay unfolded before him.

Here in this new world — here under a new flag — he beheld the bright light of Liberty — National Liberty — in her glorious consummation.

The past was secure: Toward the future he looked with an anxious heart.

With what fervor he spoke.

With what earnestness he appealed.

His words were the words of wisdom.

As the mariner, fresh from the storm-swept sea, consults chart and compass, takes his bearings, then looks ahead, so Washington, pondering upon the past, contemplated the years to come.

Looking down the long vista, in vision he saw the uplifted sword; he saw his beloved Republic trembling and bleeding beneath blows wielded by wicked hands, with hearts resolved to destroy.

At what cost of pride he spoke:

But, with him, principle stood above pride, and patriotism arose higher than all other considerations.

He loved Virginia and the South; but he loved the whole Union more.

His patriotism was not narrowed down to a single state or cluster of states; but, rather, it was as broad as all the domain beneath the stars and stripes.

He looked toward the government which he had struggled to build up, and then he contemplated the deeds of those whom he believed would come to tear it down.

In all the calmness of his great soul, in all the clearness of his masterful mind, unbiased by prejudice, undisturbed by passion, with only solicitude in his heart, he said :

“IN VAIN WOULD THAT MAN CLAIM THE TRIBUTE OF PATRIOTISM WHO SHOULD LABOR TO SUBVERT THESE GREAT PILLARS OF HUMAN HAPPINESS — THESE FIRMEST PROPS OF THE DUTIES OF MEN AND CITIZENS.”

Washington — “The Father of His Country!” Let no man attempt to repudiate the wisdom of his deeds, or the virtue of his powerful declarations.

The lessons that he taught will appeal to the loftiest patriotism of our race until this nation shall be no more.

Had his admonitions been heeded there would have been no outpouring of innocent blood.

Had his pleadings been respected there would have been no batteries charged with the dice of death — no assaults upon these “great pillars of human happiness” — no swords of passion uplifted to plunge deep into the pulsing heart of this Republic — no sworn oaths to sweep the last hopes of a Constitutional Government away.

Had the words of Washington been faithfully unfolded and hung above each hearthstone in the South, even as they were in the North, and had their generations read them; then Rebellion’s voice would have been raised in vain; swords would have fallen helpless, leaders would have stood alone; for there would have been no legions to follow — no far-flung battle lines — no armed hosts hurled against the most humane government ever established for the benefit of man.

In his great vision Washington foresaw all that came to pass — he saw it all written in the realism of outpouring blood.

Time swept rapidly by.

The immortal leader was at rest, while his last words endured as a living, breathing example throughout the great North, whose soil was unpolluted by the power of bondage and the curse of chains.

Liberty loved to hearken back, and give heed.

The ears of slavery were deaf to every sound.

Those who toiled continued to lift their voices in glad acclaim, ever honoring, ever applauding, the name of Washington.

Those who held slave-whips in their hands stood silently by; their lips uttered not a sound in commendation of Liberty’s immortal son.

The forging of shackles went on.

Slavery flourished.

It grew strong and bold.

It became imperious.

It ruled the press, the people, the pulpit; it closed the doors of their public schools.

It demanded control of government; it secured that control.

Slavery! Its influence put strange opinions into the minds of men — they who drank at the fountain steeped in the dregs of its sin.

Its ever expanding power was slowly, but surely, coiling itself around human hearts, crushing out the life of National liberty and National patriotism.

Slavery! Republics had gone down before it.

The hand of God had rested heavily upon its deeds and yet the slave powers heeded not: They challenged destiny: They defied God: They deliberately sealed their doom.

Look back, if you will, along its dark and dismal pathway, and see the ruin wrought by its withering, blighting tread!

Even before the Cæsars' seven centuries of murky civilization had come and gone, leaving an impress of improvements then unequaled by any age — even before all that — the glories of Egypt — her pyramids — her temples of pride and power — had crumbled in decay; for the hands of the Pharaohs' slaves had done the work, and it was decreed that slaveholders' deeds should be blotted out.

Slavery! Its footprints have ever been the footprints of pollution; its grasp fatal to the progress of mankind.

Washington, in his will, provided for the freedom of his slaves, and, to Thomas Jefferson, he expressed his earnest hope that some plan should be adopted whereby the institution might be abolished.

Of that institution Jefferson said: "I tremble for my Country when I reflect that God is just; and that His justice cannot sleep forever."

In his own calm judgment Jefferson knew that this Republic could not endure unless supported by principles approved of God and the higher enlightenment of man.

He measured well the seductive strength of slavery: He understood how, in time, its power would blight conscience and benumb the moral heart of his people

He also understood the loyal spirit of the North.

Like Washington, he looked toward each power.

He regarded them in serious contemplation.

And there arose before him a vision; it was of embattling legions and blood.

And over that vision he saw the shadow of a great hand; it was the hand of God.

Events hastened.

Jefferson had been borne to his tomb.

The earlier patriots had all passed away.

A young and daring actor stepped upon the stage: It was Robert Y. Hayne of South Carolina, the hot-bed of all our Nation's woes. He saw an opportunity and he embraced it: He ignited a spark in the hearts of his people: It was the spark of Nullification.

From that spark John C. Calhoun lighted a torch, and that torch leaped into flames which, thirty years later, consumed the South in the crucible of war.

During the period of which it is now my pleasure to speak, there had come another and more imposing figure to take part in the forum of debate: It was Daniel Webster.

He was a statesman of noble rank.

He was the foremost orator of the age in which he lived.

His appeals in the cause of "Union and Liberty" will endure as specimens of the loftiest and purest utterances ever devoted to the uplifting of the human race.

His expressed opinions of the part to be taken by this Government in the affairs of the world were never overdrawn; while his unceasing efforts to save the Union advanced him to the foremost rank among the patriots of all time.

On February twenty-second, eighteen hundred and thirty-two — the centenary day of Washington's birth — he delivered an address at the capital city of our land, in commemoration of the life and character of that great genius who had rescued his people from a bondage of tyranny, and first led them into the light of a better day.

Among those utterances by Webster were these:

"The spirit of human liberty and of free government, nurtured and grown into strength and beauty in America, has stretched its course into the midst of nations.

"Like an emanation from heaven, it has gone forth, and it will not return void.

"It must change, it is fast changing, the face of the earth."

He then referred to this young and struggling Republic as a

possible "experiment for the contemplation of theorists," and he continued:

"For the earth which we inhabit, and the whole circle of the sun, for all the unborn races of mankind, we seem to hold in our hands, for their weal or woe, the fate of this experiment.

"If we fail, who shall venture the repetition?

"If our example shall prove to be one, not of encouragement, but of terror, not fit to be imitated, but fit only to be shunned, where else shall the world look for free examples?

"If this great *Western Sun* be struck out of the firmament, at what other fountain shall the lamp of Liberty hereafter be lighted?

"What other orb shall emit a ray to glimmer, even, on the darkness of the world?

"There is no danger of our overrating or overstating the important part we are now acting in human affairs.

"It should not flatter our personal self-respect, but it should reanimate our patriotic virtues, and inspire us with a deeper and more solemn sense, both of our privileges and of our duties.

"We cannot wish better for our country, nor for the world, than that the same spirit, which influenced Washington, may influence all who succeed him, and that the same blessings from above, which attended his efforts, may attend theirs."

If these declarations by Mr. Webster, eighty years ago, were true (and who would dare venture a denial), how much more visible the evidence of their remarkable truth at this time, since all mankind must now see and know that the same divine Power, of which he so eloquently spoke, did watch and guard the destiny of this Republic through her four dark years of desperate war, when determined enemies drew from her heroic veins her best and bravest blood.

Daniel Webster possessed a clear, prophetic vision, and the power of picturing his views to others.

Looking down the vista of onrushing years, he saw the clouds lying low across the southern sky; he saw them lift their dark form above the horizon; he dreaded the storm.

As he drew his sad vision to a close, he said:

"If disastrous war should sweep our commerce from the ocean, another generation may renew it; if it should exhaust our treasury, future industry may replenish it; if it desolate and lay waste our fields, still, under a new cultivation, they will grow green again, and ripen to future harvests.

"It were but a trifle, even, if the walls of yonder capitol were

to crumble, if its lofty pillars should fall, and its gorgeous decorations be all covered by the dust of the valley; all these might be rebuilt.

“But who shall reconstruct the fabric of demolished government!

“Who shall rear again the well-proportioned columns of constitutional liberty!

“Who shall frame together the skillful architecture which unites national sovereignty with state rights, individual security and public prosperity!

“No! If these columns fall, they will be raised not again.

“Like the Coliseum and the Parthenon, they will be destined to a mournful immortality.

“Bitterer tears, however, will flow over them than were ever shed over the monuments of Roman or Grecian art; for they will be the remnant of a more glorious edifice than Greece or Rome ever knew — the edifice of Constitutional, American Liberty!”

The vision of Webster’s troubled dream came true, almost in the fullest measure.

The “experiment,” of which he so pathetically spoke, was put to the test along two thousand miles of battle-lines.

War, desolating, devastating war, rolled and roared over the land, leaving a million graves to mark its terrible tread.

The fabric of constitutional government, established by Washington and the great patriots, was assailed and almost torn asunder, both upon the ocean and in the arena of mortal strife.

Privateers built, equipped, and protected in English ports, swept all commerce from the seas.

From the Mississippi to the remotest shores fair fields were laid waste under the withering breath and relentless tread of war.

The national treasury was exhausted and the capital city, itself, almost gave way to flame and sword.

But the walls of the great structure did not perish.

“The well-proportioned columns of constitutional liberty” did not go down.

“The skillful architecture, which unites national sovereignty with state rights, individual security and public prosperity,” survived the tempests to benefit and bless both friend and foe — victor and vanquished — thus guaranteeing that this “great Western Sun” was not, and is not, to be struck out of the firmament so long as God rules over the affairs of man.

The “experiment” launched into the world by Washington and

his compeers, became a living example, and brought forth the brightest star in the firmament of nations, through the patriotism of those who rallied at Lincoln's call — they who stood as walls of living fire around the Stars and Stripes.

But even while Mr. Webster was speaking — while he was paying his masterful tribute to the name and fame of Washington — John C. Calhoun was, "covertly and insidiously," laying his plans to sweep all the blessings of Washington's deeds away.

Calhoun! His resolution was, that Slavery, and not Liberty, must control this land of the Western World.

To the Government at Washington he served notice that he proposed to nullify the Constitution, and that South Carolina would secede.

But his daring, audacious effort failed to reach its mark: He had not taken the measurement of the man in the White House — Andrew Jackson — a stauncher than whom never stood at the helm of this "Ship of State."

Jackson listened; he heard the threats of nullification.

He saw the "insidious hand," against which Washington had warned.

He saw the "designing men" whom Washington said would come, and who would attempt to tear down the "pillars of government."

Himself a Southerner, he understood them.

He knew with whom he had to deal.

He entertained no fear.

He was a patriot and he did not hesitate to put the power of patriotism into practical use.

He addressed a "Proclamation" to his people.

He defined the establishment of the Federal Union — the constitutional law binding all the states into one solid and indissoluble mass.

He defined the government and his own duty, as Chief Magistrate, to defend it.

In drawing to a close he said:

"Fellow Citizens of my native state, let me not only admonish you, as the First Magistrate of our Common Country, not to incur the penalty of its laws, but to use the influence that a father would over his children whom he saw rushing to certain ruin.

"In that paternal language, with that paternal feeling, let me tell you, my countrymen, that you are deluded by men who are either deceived themselves, or wish to deceive you.

“Mark well under what pretenses you have been led to the brink of insurrection and treason on which you stand.

“Eloquent appeals to your passions, to your state pride, to your native courage, to your sense of real injury, were used to prepare you for the period when the mask, which concealed the hideous features of disunion, should be taken off. It fell, and you were made to look with complacency on objects which, not long since, you would have regarded with horror. . . .

“They are not champions of liberty, emulating the fame of our Revolutionary fathers, nor are you an oppressed people, contending, as they repeat to you, against worse than colonial vassalage. You are free members of a flourishing and happy Union.

“Look on this picture of happiness and honor and say: We, too, are citizens of America.

“Carolina is one of these proud states; her arms have defended, her best blood has cemented this happy Union. And then add, if you can, without horror and remorse: this happy Union we will dissolve, this picture of peace and prosperity we will deface, this free intercourse we will interrupt, these fertile fields we will deluge with blood, the protection of that glorious flag we renounce, the very name of America we discard. . . .

“But the dictates of a high duty oblige me solemnly to announce that you cannot succeed.

“The laws of the United States must be executed.

“I have no discretionary power on the subject. My duty is emphatically pronounced in the Constitution.

“Those who told you that you might peaceably prevent their execution deceived you; they could not have been deceived themselves.

“They know that a forcible opposition could alone prevent the execution of the laws, and they know that such opposition must be repelled.

“Their object is disunion.

“Be not deceived by names.

“Disunion by armed force is Treason.

“Are you ready to incur its guilt?

“If you are, on the heads of the instigators of the act be the dreadful consequences; on their heads be the dishonor; but on yours may fall the punishment.

“On your unhappy state will inevitably fall all the evils of the conflict you force upon the Government of your Country. . . .

“I adjure you, . . . as you love the cause of freedom, . . .

as you prize the peace of your Country, the lives of its best citizens, and your own fair name, to retrace your steps.

“Snatch from the archives of your state the disorganizing edict of its convention; bid its members to reassemble and promulgate the decided expressions of your will to remain in the path which alone can conduct you to safety, prosperity, and honor.

“Tell them that, compared to disunion, all other evils are light; because that brings with it the accumulation of all.

“Declare that you will never take the field unless the star-spangled banner of your Country shall float over you; that you will not be stigmatized when dead, and dishonored and scorned while you live, as the authors of the first attack on the Constitution of your Country.

“Its destroyers you can not be.

“You may disturb its peace; you may interrupt the course of its prosperity; you may cloud its reputation for stability, but its tranquillity will be restored; its prosperity will return, and the stain upon its national character will be transferred and remain an eternal blot on the memory of those who caused the disorder. . .

“May the Great Ruler of Nations grant that the signal blessings, with which He has favored ours, may not, by the madness of party or personal ambition, be disregarded and lost; and may His wise providence bring those who have produced the crisis to see the folly before they feel the misery of civil strife, and inspire a returning veneration for that Union which, if we may dare to penetrate His designs, He has chosen as the only means of attaining the high destinies to which we may reasonably aspire.”

History says: “President Jackson had fully intended to hang Calhoun and his nullifying coadjutors had they persisted in their treason.”

In a burst of supreme emotion he exclaimed: “Our Federal Union; it must and shall be preserved!”

To his friend — the Rev. A. J. Crofford — he wrote: “Take care of your Nullifiers; you have them among you; let them meet with the indignant frowns of every man who loves his country. Their next pretext will be the negro, or slavery question.”

Jackson’s prophecy proved true.

Returning home from Congress, Mr. Calhoun advised his friends how best to proceed, and said:

“The South can never be united against the North on the tariff question. . . We must shift to the slave question.”

Fearing the hangman's noose he continued his work only through insidious methods, and yet by effective means, as time fully proved.

When we pause and contemplate how near these wicked deeds came to a full and complete consummation, and how effectively at that time they could have destroyed the last hopes of Constitutional liberty, are we not justified in saying: A Power far above man's power was watching over and guiding the destiny of this Republic?

Had Calhoun succeeded in nullifying the Constitution, and had all the slave-holding states gone to his support, the Union, then in its infancy, would have perished, never to be restored.

And had there been a less determined, less heroic, and less patriotic man at the head of the Government, the Union would have gone down.

Is it not true that he — President Jackson — saved the life of this, then, infant republic, that she might grow great and strong, and, thereby, be enabled to defend her own life when Slavery should send forth its final decree that she must die?

Andrew Jackson declared his belief to be that "God had designed this Union as the only means by which mankind might attain the high destiny to which we may reasonably aspire."

He looked toward God for support.

He saw his duty; and he feared not in performing it.

In 1835, further disunion efforts were made by South Carolina to promote rebellion.

Meetings were held within the state arousing a fear in the minds of the people that their cherished institution of slavery was in danger of destruction at the hands of the National Government.

Extending their efforts to a broader field, meetings were held in Washington where all Southern Senators and Representatives were invited to attend.

Ex-Governor Francis Thompson, of Maryland, then a Representative in Congress, thus described one of these meetings:

"I proceeded to the Committee Room to see what was being done.

"Governor Pickens of South Carolina was speaking upon the following Resolution:

"Resolved: That no member of Congress, representing a Southern constituency, shall again take his seat until a resolution is passed satisfactory to the South on the subject of Slavery."

"I listened to his language, and when he had finished, I obtained the floor.

"I determined at once to kill the treasonable plot hatched by John C. Calhoun — 'THE CATILINE OF AMERICA' — by asking questions.

"I said to Mr. Pickens: 'What next do you propose we shall do? Are we to tell the People that Republicanism is a failure?

" 'If you are for that, I am not.

" 'I came here to sustain and uphold American institutions; to defend the rights of the North as well as the South; to secure harmony and good fellowship between all sections of our common country.'

"They dared not answer these questions, and the meeting adjourned without date."

But the seed sown by Calhoun had taken root; it grew; it ripened into a tumult of incomprehensible woe.

From the travail and tears of the defenseless, from the wounds of agony and the blood of almost a million Americans, was measured the price freely given for the preservation of this Republic.

In the light of later events, and with a clear knowledge of conditions created by the teachings of Calhoun, the name of Andrew Jackson should forever arouse the world's highest admiration.

No Pantheon can ever be dedicated to the cause of American Liberty and be made complete, unless it contains therein a lofty pedestal upon which shall stand a statue of ANDREW JACKSON.

And the noblest epitaph that could be inscribed upon such a pedestal would be: "HERE STANDS A TRUE AND LOYAL EXEMPLAR OF AMERICAN PATRIOTISM."

And what can we say of this man who was then called "America's Catiline"?

There is a well authenticated tradition that he, when exhausted with labor and anxiety by his efforts to dissolve the Union, in troubled sleep beheld "The Father of His Country," who denounced him as a traitor for his wicked deeds, and that those memories pursued him even to the end of his days.

He died before the seed of his unhappy sowing bore fruit.

But what a pathway he had paved!

What desolation was in store!

Darkness was to cover the earth.

The sweep of the tempest was to come.

The breath of the storm was to blast each living thing before it.

The Good Book says: "And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

No complete lesson in patriotism can be taught under the Stars and Stripes, unless we search recorded history from Bunker Hill down to the present time and, through the medium of that record, tell the plain, unpretentious truth.

In all freedom and fairness I have laid before you the words of Washington — the appeals of Webster — the sublime truths heroically told by Andrew Jackson, and the lessons taught by the sworn enemies of this Republic — those who first conspired to destroy it; that a slave empire might be established here in its stead.

Calhoun died just eleven years before the first battle-fire of his own kindling was to leap into flames, finally to leave his loved land desolated by the merciless tread of relentless war.

In 1855, when political parties were moving cautiously — when far-seeing men believed that a volcano was destined to break forth — when sensible minds became convinced that slavery was the precipitating cause — then Rufus Choate — statesman and patriot — addressed a letter to the Whig Convention at Worcester, Massachusetts, in which he wrote:

"We join ourselves to no political party that does not carry the flag and keep step to the music of the Union."

In reply to those who first threatened to draw a dividing line across our Continent, Robert Charles Winthrop exclaimed:

"There are no points of the Compass on the chart of true American Patriotism."

Benjamin Franklin, honored by all alike for his sincerity, said:

"Slavery is an atrocious debasement of human nature."

William Ellery Channing, for a time a private school teacher in Richmond, Virginia, declared:

"To extend and perpetuate slavery, we cut ourselves off from the communion of Nations; we sink below the civilization of our age; we invite the scorn, the indignation and abhorrence of the world."

Patrick Henry said:

"Slavery is as repugnant to humanity as it is inconsistent with the Bible and destructive to liberty."

Madison had thus characterized it:
"Slavery is a dreadful calamity."

Monroe appealed against it as follows:
"Slavery has preyed upon the vitals of the Union and has been prejudicial to all the states in which it existed."

Henry Clay declared:
"Slavery is wrong — a grievous wrong — and no contingency can make it right."

The renowned Scotch poet — Thomas Campbell — wrote these lines regarding its disgrace:

"United States, your banner wears
Two emblems — one of fame;
Alas, the other that it bears
Reminds us of your shame.
Your standard's constellation types
White freedom by its stars;
But what's the meaning of the stripes?
They mean your negro's scars."

Can any human being of intelligence, living in this enlightened age, find words to explain why passion sprang into battle-flames — why men sought to build up a slave empire from the ruins of the freest government ever established in the history of man?

To be sure the issue is said to be a closed issue; but it must not be lost to view so long as insidious hands strive to fan the embers into flames again.

Not long since, a distinguished statesman said: "This Nation cannot live in the past, nor can it survive if it forgets the past."

No competent lessons in patriotism can be taught unless we unfold the truths of that turbulent age — unless we tell of the struggles that inspired a patriotism so lofty and so sublime that the example should appeal to the noblest emotions of your race, as long as the love of enlightenment lives in the hearts of men.

And should the time ever come when our people prefer to close their eyes and shut their ears to a reasonable exposition of what transpired to make this Nation what it is and what it stands for

before the world — should that time ever come — then an age of disintegration will begin.

Already Henry Clay, loyal to the core, a lover of the Union, a defender of the constitution, a patriot of National renown, had closed his career, and passed on to his tomb. His last words, spoken in the Senate, and delivered almost at the immediate risk of his life, must ever remain as a living inspiration to guide the course of this great Republic through the dangers yet liable to assail.

Among his great declarations were these:

“The Constitution of the United States was made, not merely for the generations that then existed, but for posterity — unlimited, indefinite, endless, perpetual, posterity.

“And every state that then came into the Union, and every state that has since come into the Union, came into it binding itself by indissoluble bonds, to remain within the Union itself, and to remain within it by its posterity forever.”

He then pictured to his people the horrors of war and said:

“We may search the pages of history, and none so ferocious, so bloody, so implacable, so exterminating — not even the wars of Greece, including the Commoners of England and the Revolution of France — none, none of them all would rage with such violence, or be characterized with such bloodshed and enormities, as would the war which must succeed, if that event happens — the dissolution of the Union.”

He then explained that, “should such a war be inaugurated, exhaustion would come, extermination would follow, until some Philip or Alexander, some Caesar or Napoleon, would rise and cut the Gordian knot, solve the problem of the capacity of man for self-government, and crush the liberties of both the severed portions of this common empire. . . Can you doubt it?” he exclaimed.

He continued in these words:

“The final result would be the extinction of this last and glorious light which is leading all mankind, who are gazing upon it, in the hope and anxious expectation that the liberty that prevails here, will, sooner or later, be diffused throughout the whole of the civilized world.”

Drawing to a close he appealed to his countrymen with all his aged strength — his last expiring power:

“Sirs, can you lightly contemplate these consequences?

“Can you yield yourselves to the tyranny of passion, amid dangers which I have depicted in colors far too tame?

“I implore you, gentlemen — by all your veneration for your ancestors — by all your regard for posterity — by all your gratitude for Him who has bestowed on you such unnumbered and countless blessings — to pause — solemnly to pause — at the edge of the precipice, before the fearful and dangerous leap is taken into the yawning abyss below, from which none, who has ever taken it, shall return in safety.

“Finally, Mr. President, and in conclusion, I implore, as the best blessing which Heaven can bestow upon me here on earth, that, if the dreadful event of the dissolution of the Union is to happen, I shall not survive to behold the sad and heart-rending spectacle.”

The prayer of each — that of Webster and of Clay — was answered; for their eyes were closed in death before “*The Tyranny of Passion*” drew its sword to strike the deadly blow.

This appeal, by Mr. Clay, merely postponed the crisis — merely postponed the “heart-rending spectacle” of which he so graphically and pathetically spoke.

In 1856 a new political party was formed — the Republican party — with John C. Fremont as its nominee: He was defeated, and James Buchanan became the successor, March 4 1857, of Franklin Pierce.

His advent into the Presidential chair was to mark the last expiring hope of a Constitutional Government, until war should come — until carnage should flow — until the smoke of conflict, along two thousand miles of battle-lines, should darken the earth.

Mr. Buchanan was loyal to the Union; and yet he lacked the courage and force of moral character necessary to uphold it when its enemies came forth to tear it down.

He raised his hand swearing that he would preserve, protect, and defend the Union; and yet, when the critical hour came, he failed.

Even during his “First Inaugural Address” he betrayed his perfect submission to the Slave Power rule.

For a long time an important case had been pending before the United States Supreme Court: At once it became known as the “Dred Scott Case.”

Some authorities assert that a decision of the case had been withheld, awaiting the advent of Mr. Buchanan into the Presidential chair; and it is also claimed to be a self-evident fact that he had been made fully aware of the Court’s decision in advance, that he concurred in that decision, and that it was a part of the general plan that he, in his “Inaugural,” should prepare the public mind

for the shock which the Court knew the decision would cause, and which, as they realized, was liable to result in serious consequences.

Referring to the Slave question, Mr. Buchanan said: "This is, happily, a matter of but little practical importance. Besides, it is a judicial question, and legitimately belongs to the Supreme Court, before whom it is now pending, and will, it is understood, be speedily and finally settled.

"To their decision, in common with all good citizens, I shall cheerfully submit, whatever that decision may be."

The moment those who disbelieved in the spread of slavery, read the President's address, their minds were filled with grave doubts, and they waited for the verdict of the Supreme Court with anxious expectations.

When the decision was announced two days later, a feeling, akin to a panic, spread over the land; for it legalized slavery in every part of the national domain.

Chief Justice Roger B. Taney presented the conclusions of the Court which had been concurred in by a majority.

The Chief Justice, in his extra-judicial declarations, went further, saying that "The Missouri Compromise and all other acts restraining slavery, were unconstitutional, and that neither Congress, nor local legislatures had any authority for restraining the spread, over the whole Union, of the institution of slavery."

Young though I was at the time — being under nine years of age — yet I remembered well the appearance of consternation that seemed to possess all alike.

"Verily," said some, "the Slave Power has reached and polluted the fountain of Federal justice: It dominates our President: It has throttled the Government: It has nullified the constitution itself."

They declared their belief that Buchanan was in perfect accord with the Court, that Slavery had secured complete control, and that, unless some unseen power should eventually come to the rescue, this Republic would perish and a Slave Oligarchy rise in its place.

Some of the more hopeful exclaimed: "Our armories are filled with weapons — we hold the ammunition — we possess the ships — what can the Southerners do? They are not a manufacturing people. They lack the power to put the Supreme Court's decision into practical effect!"

But how little did these unsuspecting men realize that, during the Buchanan regime, every armory in the North would be emptied

of weapons, ships sailed to Southern ports, and all made ready for a long and determined war—a war for the enforcement of the most vicious and destructive court decision since the days of unhappy Rome.

During the four years of the Buchanan subserviency to the Slave Power, events followed events in quick succession—all preparing for the day when Rebellion should be ready to strike a blow.

At each step they made more exacting demands.

The Dred Scott decision had aroused the slave rulers to a state of intemperate exultation.

Robert Toombs, of Georgia, in a burst of passionate glee, exclaimed: “I shall yet count my slaves on Bunker Hill.”

It seems almost beyond the power of the mind, at this enlightened age, to comprehend the boldness, yea, the madness, of such a declaration.

I will assemble my slaves—my field hands—men with muscles of iron—men as black as midnight—my housemaids and my women of lighter hue—women into whose souls God has sent a ray of sunlight—they who hold their babes to their breasts—babes with skin as fair and white as ever endowed Caucasian beauty: I will assemble them—my slaves—at the base of that historic monument, and there I will call the roll.

I will cut a pathway through Freedom, and there, upon the very spot where was poured out the first blood in the cause of Liberty—there I will call the roll of my slaves, and then that monument, like the Parthenon and the Coliseum, shall crumble and fall.

Foreign to his heart, stranger to his soul, were the sentiments, which in a later day, were to find voice from the inspired pen of him who wrote:

“The tumult and the shouting dies —
The Captains and the Kings depart —
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble, and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

“If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe —
Such boasting as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the Law —
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet!
Lest we forget — lest we forget!”

Sometimes even sensible men forget that there is a God watching over and guiding the destiny of man and of Nations.

Someone has said that "conscience is the voice of God in man's soul." Accepting that as truth, the conclusion is—where the purity of conscience is gone, God is gone; He abideth not in that man's soul.

When two years of Buchanan's administration had gone by, he became suddenly awakened to the immediate danger overhanging the Union which he had taken a solemn oath to defend.

He saw its enemies assembling; he had them within his own Cabinet; he heard them plotting; he knew they were preparing; and yet he dared not say a word; he recorded no protest: He defaulted in his sworn duty as President of the United States.

December fifth, eighteen hundred and sixty, was at hand.

The President attempted to compose himself for the preparation of a message to the Congress then in session.

In that remarkable and contradictory document, while denying the right of any state to withdraw from the Union he said:

"Congress possesses many means of preserving the Union by conciliation; but the sword was not placed in their hands to preserve it by force."

President Buchanan was weak; he was a vascillating old man.

One history says: "He was well-meaning, a Union man at heart, but his enfeebled intellect was unable to see, and hold firm to, the true course: He lacked clearness of perception, decision of character and nerve."

History further says: "He knew secession was wrong, but allowed himself to be persuaded that he had no Constitutional power to prevent it."

It is reasonable to say that he was a most admirable subject in the hands of those who were perfecting their last plans to tear into shreds the fabric of National Government, leaving it so disabled that they could crush it and cast it away at will.

The closing months of his administration witnessed scenes more demoralizing and more destructive than any witnessed in all the civilized world since the fall of the Roman Empire.

Mr. Buchanan saw his army—the army of which he was Commander-in-Chief—sent to stations far remote—so far that the capital city was left subject to invasion by an enemy then plotting its fall—plotting just as Catiline plotted the fall of Rome.

He saw his ships — the Nation's shield of defence — a hundred or more — he saw them as they were being sailed into Southern ports, prepared for surrender at the word of command.

He saw the Nation's armories stripped of all muskets, ammunition, light and heavy artillery — all implements and munitions of war — transferred to the South and there ordered by his own cabinet official — Floyd (backed by Jefferson Davis) — to be sold to military companies then drilling and preparing for the field.

Appeals were made, asking him — the President — to put a stop to the depredations — asking him to preserve the Nation's power of defense. To all such appeals, he answered: "I have no power."

Before the Christmas bells rang South Carolina had seceded; and yet he replied: "I am helpless. The Constitution gives me no right of Executive control."

Wicked as was the act; woeful as was the deed, the hour was drawing near when the sworn enemies of the Nation were to deny its integrity, and challenge the North on fields where steel must meet steel in battle-shock, testing the virtue of their brothers' blood.

But let us pause for a moment; let us look toward the one man in all the South who had the courage to stand up — he who attempted to stem the tide — he whose eyes beheld the horrors — whose face felt the burning breath — whose vision penetrated far into the furies of the storm.

He was small of stature; and yet he rose up, as a patriot inspired before them.

Impatiently they listened as he spoke:

"Fellow countrymen of my own Commonwealth:

"This step, once taken, can never be recalled; and all the baleful and withering consequences that follow, will rest on this convention for all coming time.

"We and our posterity shall see our lovely South desolated by the demon of war, which this act of yours will inevitably invite, and call forth; when your green fields of waving harvests shall be trodden down by the murderous soldiery and the fiery car of war sweeping over our land; our temples of justice laid in ashes; all the horrors and desolation of war upon us: Who, but this Convention, will be held responsible for it?

"Who but him, who shall have given his vote for this unwise and ill-timed measure, shall be held to strict account for this suicidal act by the present generation, and, probably, cursed and execrated

by posterity for all coming time, for the wide, desolating ruin that will inevitably follow this act you now propose to perpetrate.

“Pause, I entreat you, and consider for a moment what reasons you can give that will ever satisfy yourselves in calmer moments.

“What reasons can you give your fellow-sufferers in the calamity that it will bring upon us?

“What reason can you give the Nations of the earth to justify it?

“*They* will be the calm and deliberate judges in the case, and to what cause or one overt act can you point on which to rest the plea of justification?

“What right has the North assailed?

“What interest of the South has been invaded?

“What justice has been denied?

“What claim, founded on justice and right, has been withheld?

“Can either of you today name one governmental act of wrong deliberately and purposely done by the Government at Washington, of which the South has a right to complain?

“I challenge the answer!”

As he drew his immortal speech to a close he spoke with even greater pathos and power:

“Leaving out of view, for the present, the countless millions of dollars you must expend in a war with the North, there will be thousands and tens of thousands of your sons and brothers slain in battle, and offered up as sacrifices upon the altar OF AMBITION — AND FOR WHAT, we ask again?

“It is for the overthrow of the American Government, established by our common ancestry, cemented and built up by their sweat and blood, and founded on the broad principles of RIGHT, JUSTICE, and HUMANITY!

“And, as such, I must declare here, as I have often done before, and which has been repeated by the greatest and wisest of statesmen and patriots of this and other lands, that it is the BEST and FREEST GOVERNMENT — the MOST EQUAL IN ITS RIGHTS — THE MOST JUST IN ITS DECISIONS — THE MOST LENIENT IN ITS MEASURES, AND THE MOST INSPIRING IN ITS PRINCIPLES to elevate the race of men, that the sun in heaven ever shone upon.

“Now, for you to attempt to overthrow such a Government as this under which we have lived for more than three-quarters of a century, in which we have gained our wealth, our standing as a Nation, our domestic safety, while the elements of peril are around us, with peace and tranquility, accompanied with unbounded pros-

perity, and rights unassailed — is the height of madness, folly and wickedness, to which I can neither lend my sanction nor my vote.”

Such were the words of Alexander Hamilton Stephens of Georgia just previous to the hour when he was to be forced into the arena where embattling blades were to make the blood of martyrs flow like falling rain.

No power of speech can picture the emotions tearing at the heart-strings of that lone patriot as he appealed to his deluded countrymen.

Tradition tells us that his voice, at times, grew tremulous, and then gave way — that tears coursed his cheeks as he portrayed the deaths and desolations beneath the fiery car of war.

His appeals were vain.

His declarations fell upon deaf ears.

Their souls were benumbed to every sound.

Their hearts were afire, craving, with passion mad and furious, for war.

The deadening power of slavery had done its work — it had trampled out the life of patriotic virtue and patriotic love.

Conscience had been crushed down beneath its blighting tread.

O, that the South had listened to the words of her wisest — her noblest sons — before she lighted the fires sending forth her death-dealing engines of war!

O, that she could have looked out and over the tragic scenes stretching far across the bosom of her own fair fields where a million of America's bravest and best were to go down, their pale faces turned heavenward, and upon their brows the death-dews of eternal night.

The closing days of the Buchanan Administration were at hand.

The plundering of the National Treasury was complete, her armories empty, her troops unavailable, while the South stood ready and defiant for war.

It was January seventh, eighteen hundred and sixty-one.

Robert Toombs, during an impassioned speech in the Senate, said:

“The Union, Sir, is dissolved.

“South Carolina has gone out.

“The great majority of those sister states consider her cause as their cause.

“The South is prepared for the arbitrament of the sword. You

may see the glitter of bayonets, and hear the tramp of armed men from your capital to the Rio Grande."

In a burst of madness, Senator Iverson of Georgia exclaimed: "We will welcome you with bloody hands to hospitable graves."

Every newspaper announced it; every slave-master asserted it, and a war-craving people declared it — that they were ready to open the carnival and reap a harvest of human blood.

Hon. George Fitzhugh, of Virginia, published an "open letter" in which he said:

"It is a gross mistake to suppose that 'Abolition' is the cause of dissolution between the North and South. The Cavaliers, Jacobites, and Huguenots of the South, naturally hate, condemn, and despise the Puritans who settled the North. The former are 'Master-Races;' the latter are a 'Slave-Race'—descendants of the Saxon-serfs."

United States Senator Hammond, of South Carolina, in a public address, declared: "These Northern 'Mud-Sills' must be made to know that the 'Southern Cavaliers' are their masters."

The malignant words thus quoted were the messages of but two of the many thousands of like teachers who, for forty years, had been molding the minds of the masses into a belief that there was no virtue in Northern blood — that there was no valor inspiring the Northman's soul, and that all such should be looked down upon with contempt and disdain.

And so it was, that contempt and disdain grew into hatred, and hatred grew into passion, and passion kindled the flames of a fratricidal war.

The South looked upon labor as degrading.

The North regarded it as ennobling.

The so-called Cavaliers looked down upon the bending backs of their slaves: They looked down upon the Northman just the same, notwithstanding he volunteered to bend his own back.

The men who loved slavery resorted to all kinds and characters of deceptions in their efforts to arouse their people to war: They were the schoolmasters of the South.

The school is a dangerous institution unless it teaches the truth. Truth leads to triumph.

Falsehood leads to failure.

And so it was decreed that falsehood should lead the South to her downfall — thence to her Brook Kedron, and thence to her Geth-

semane. History calls it Appomattox: It required an Appomattox to prove the truth.

It required a Shiloh, an Antietam, a Fredericksburg, a Vicksburg, a Gettysburg, a Wilderness, a Cold Harbor — it required all these and a thousand more blood-bathed fields to prove to the South her costly mistake — to prove to her and to all the world that no greater generalship or military genius ever existed, and no nobler blood was ever poured out, than the blood given that this Republic might live and the flag of universal liberty remain in the sky.

And who, let us inquire, was most anxious to overthrow this Government which, in the language of Mr. Stephens was “the best and freest that the sun in heaven ever shone upon”?

On February 9th with seven states out of the Union, a Convention, held in Montgomery, Alabama, elected Jefferson Davis, Provisional President of the Southern Confederacy.

Journeying to that city, he spoke at many places: At Stevenson, Alabama, he said:

“Your border states will gladly come into the Southern Confederacy within sixty days; as we will be their only friends.

“England will recognize us and a glorious future is before us.

“The grass will grow in Northern cities where the pavements have been worn off by the tread of commerce.

“We will carry war where it is easy to advance — where food for the sword and torch await our armies in densely populated cities.

“And though they may come and spoil our crops, we can raise them as before; while they cannot rear their cities which took years of industry and millions of money to build.”

Had he forgotten, or did he propose to rebuke the words of Washington:

“In vain WOULD THAT MAN CLAIM THE TRIBUTE OF PATRIOTISM, WHO SHOULD LABOR TO SUBVERT THESE GREAT PILLARS OF HUMAN HAPPINESS — THESE FIRREST PROPS OF THE DUTIES OF MEN AND CITIZENS.”

Had he forgotten, or did he propose to challenge the truths told by Jackson?

“THE LAWS OF THE UNITED STATES MUST BE EXECUTED!

“THOSE, WHO TOLD YOU THAT YOU MIGHT PEACEABLY PREVENT THEIR EXECUTION, DECEIVED YOU; THEY COULD NOT BE DECEIVED THEMSELVES.

“THEIR OBJECT IS DISUNION.

“BE NOT DECEIVED BY NAMES.

“DISUNION BY ARMED FORCE IS TREASON.

“ARE YOU READY TO INCUR ITS GUILT?”

Had he forgotten, or did he propose to ignore the warnings of Henry Clay:

“WE MAY SEARCH THE PAGES OF HISTORY, AND NONE SO FURIOUS, SO BLOODY, SO IMPLACABLE, SO EXTERMINATING — NOT EVEN THE WARS OF GREECE, INCLUDING THE COMMONERS OF ENGLAND — NONE — NONE OF THEM ALL — WOULD RAGE WITH SUCH VIOLENCE, OR BE CHARACTERIZED WITH SUCH BLOODSHED AND ENORMITIES, AS WOULD THE WAR WHICH MUST SUCCEED, IF THAT EVENT HAPPENS — THE DISSOLUTION OF THIS UNION.”

Had he forgotten, or did he scorn the words of Stephens, who pleaded for peace:

“PAUSE, I ENTREAT YOU, AND CONSIDER FOR A MOMENT WHAT REASON YOU CAN GIVE THAT WILL EVER SATISFY YOURSELVES IN CALMER MOMENTS.

“WHAT RIGHT HAS THE NORTH ASSAILED?

“WHAT INTEREST OF THE SOUTH HAS BEEN INVADED?

“WHAT JUSTICE HAS BEEN DENIED?

“WHAT CLAIM, FOUNDED IN JUSTICE AND RIGHT, HAS BEEN WITHHELD?

“I CHALLENGE THE ANSWER!”

Washington was rebuked, Jackson challenged, Clay ignored, Stephens scorned — the patriotism of them all was repudiated by Jefferson Davis, and for what?

He had resolved to become the Star-Actor on a stage of tragedies where blood must be poured out each day and hour.

He had resolved to “cut the Gordian knot,” call upon England to establish her protectorate, declaring this people’s government a failure before the world.

Were his deeds and designs the deeds and designs of a patriot?

You, my friends, who are familiar with the history telling of the dark days of Rome, will recall that scene which had its counterpart here in eighteen sixty-one — that scene where Cicero addressed himself to Catiline before the “Senators hastily assembled.”

You will recall how he — Cicero — grave, dignified, eloquent, with

the Roman purple flowing over his shoulders, arose to his feet and, surrounded by all the illustrations of Roman glory, spoke at length and closed his oration in these immortal words:

“Begone, O Catiline, begone to your impious and nefarious war,—to your own misfortune and injury, to the destruction of those who have joined themselves to you.”

Were the designs of Davis less profane, less impious than those of Catiline?

Davis said: “We will carry war where it is easy to advance, where food for the sword and torch await our armies in densely populated cities.” Reflect, if you will, on the meaning of those words:

Food for the sword meant human flesh and blood — food for the torch, homes burning, hearthstones laid waste. Who was most eager for the feast of fire and blood — Davis or Catiline?

Catiline failed — ignominiously failed.

Davis failed: Why?

As “God called from the clouds unto Moses,” so He called one whom He had prepared to lead — one whose heart was clothed in raiments of righteousness — one whose soul was inspired by loyalty and patriotic love.

Born as lowly as the Nazarene, reared in penury, even as poor as the poorest of all time, this man — Abraham Lincoln — came as a messenger to point the way — as a leader to redeem this “Ark of God’s Covenant” for the good of all Nations and all peoples of the earth.

Foreseeing a conflict he said: “The real issue in this Country is the eternal struggle between these two principles — right and wrong — throughout the world. They are the two principles that have stood face to face from the beginning of time, and they will ever continue to struggle.”

And then he exclaimed: “If slavery is not wrong, then nothing is wrong.”

Among his immortal declarations are these:

“Under the operation of the policy of compromise the slavery agitation has not only not ceased, but it has continuously augmented.

“In my opinion it WILL NOT CEASE UNTIL A CRISIS SHALL HAVE BEEN REACHED AND PASSED.

“A house divided against itself cannot stand.

“I believe this government cannot endure permanently, half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved. I do not

expect the house will fall ; but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other — either the opponents of slavery will arrest the further spread of it, and place it where the public mind shall rest in the belief that it is in the course of ultimate extinction, or its advocates will push it forward till it shall become alike lawful in all the states, old as well as new, North as well as South.”

And this man — a child of the forest — a farm laborer, untutored, uneducated, as education goes ; and yet of profound knowledge self-acquired — this man endowed with a soul of wisdom and into whose brain God had breathed the spirit of true and lofty patriotism — this man was called to preside as Chief Magistrate over a Nation then trembling and almost tottering to its fall.

To his people he had taught this doctrine :

“Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it.”

Bidding his home-friends farewell, he said :

“I go to assume a task more difficult than that which has devolved upon any other man since the days of Washington.

“He never would have succeeded except for the aid of Divine Providence, upon which he at all times relied.

“I feel that I cannot succeed without the same Divine blessing which sustained him ; and on this same Almighty Being I place my reliance for support. And I hope you, my friends, will all pray that I may receive that Divine assistance, without which I cannot succeed, but with which success is certain. Again I bid you an affectionate farewell.”

He reached the capitol : He rose to speak : He heard the rumble of the gathering storm : He felt the burning breath of war : He saw enemies assembling on every side.

Hoping to calm the angry storm he gave utterance to these immortal words :

“In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war.

“The Government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being, yourselves, the aggressors. You have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the Government ; while I shall have the most solemn one to preserve, protect, and defend it.

“I am loathe to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection.

“The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battle-field and patriot’s grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the choruses of Union when again touched, as they surely will be, by the better angels of our nature.”

With these tender and loving sentiments this man of lowly birth stood before the American people — President of the United States.

Sincere though he was, and anxious to reach out his hand in true conciliation, the leaders of the South rejected his overtures, scorned his offers, and cried: “War!”

A month went by when the more sober-minded saw the mistake of secession.

Reaction set in, and open talk of returning to the Union reached the ears of Jefferson Davis.

The so-called Confederacy was in danger of death even before it could leap from its cradle, advance to the arena, and begin the spilling of blood.

It faced a crisis: Its leaders declared that something desperate must be done or their efforts would fail.

April tenth, Roger A. Pryor, of Virginia, reached Charleston and addressed a tumultuous throng.

Among other war-kindling words were these:

“Thank God this accursed Union is at last blasted, and riven by the lightning wrath of an outraged and indignant people.

“Not only is it gone, but it is gone forever.

“Like Lucifer — Son of the Morning — it has fallen, never to rise again.

“For my part, gentlemen, if Abraham Lincoln and Hannibal Hamlin, tomorrow, were to abdicate their offices, and were to give me a blank sheet of paper to write the conditions of re-annexation to the defunct Union, I would scornfully spurn the overture.

“They say Virginia must abide in the Union which you have annihilated. I pray you, gentlemen, rob them of that idea.

“Do not distrust Virginia: As sure as tomorrow’s sun will rise upon us, just so sure will Virginia be a member of this Southern Confederation.

“And I will tell you, gentlemen, what will put her in the Southern Confederacy in less than an hour by Shrewsbury clock — STRIKE A BLOW!

“The very moment that blood is shed, old Virginia will make common cause with her sisters of the South.”

April eleventh, Mr. Davis assembled his Cabinet to consider a plan for holding the South together.

As subsequently stated by Senator Clemens, of Alabama, "they were engaged in a very excited discussion — General Walker, with Mr. Gilchrist — a member of the Alabama Legislature — and other prominent gentlemen."

They were discussing the propriety of opening fire on Fort Sumter, to which General Walker — the Secretary of War — appeared to be opposed.

Mr. Gilchrist said to him: "Sir, unless you sprinkle blood in the face of the people of Alabama, they will be back in the old Union in less than ten days."

Thereupon Jefferson Davis — Provisional President of the Southern Confederacy — gave the order to fire on the flag of the United States, to reduce the walls of a Federal fort, to sprinkle blood in the faces of an excited people.

History says: "The thunder of fifty guns in one grand volley, followed by the crashing and crumbling of brick, stone, and mortar around and above them, apprized the little garrison that their stay must be short"

The Richmond *Examiner* said: "From the mountain tops and valleys to the shores of the sea there is one wild shout of fierce resolve to capture Washington City at all and every human hazard."

The Mobile *Advertiser* exclaimed: "We are prepared to fight, and the enemy is not. Let a hundred thousand men enter the North — Lincoln's country — compel him to peace — or compel his successor, should Virginia suffer him to escape from his doomed capital."

And so this was the answer sent back to Abraham Lincoln in response to his message pleading for peace and good will.

After all this lapse of more than fifty years, can mortal man comprehend the emotions tearing at the tortured heart of that immortal patriot when he saw the coming of the storm — when he saw officers educated by the Government, resigning, deserting, turning southward, that they might draw their swords, sever the life-current, and plunge the Nation into the vortex to be swept away like drift-wood before the furies of the storm.

On the first day of November, eighteen hundred and sixty, there were in the United States two hundred and seventy-eight commis-

sioned officers born in the South, sent from the South, and educated by the Government at West Point Military Academy.

Between that date and the opening of hostilities, one hundred and eighty-seven of this number left the Government and joined the Confederate Army, leaving ninety-one who remained true to their obligations and their oath.

There were also ninety-nine additional commissioned officers born in the South and holding commission in the United States' service, who left to go with the Confederacy.

Among the more distinguished, who thus remained, were Generals Winfield Scott and George H. Thomas — both of Virginia; General Robert Anderson, of Kentucky; General J. J. Abercrombie, of Tennessee, and General R. I. Dodge, of North Carolina.

The record is referred to, not for the purpose of reopening a page once closed, but for reasons that must appeal to every American who loves to know the truth.

Just previous to the breaking out of the Rebellion there were in the Government service six hundred and ten graduates from the Naval Academy, born in the South.

Through conduct, termed by Mr. Lincoln as treasonable, three hundred and eighty of these were dismissed from service while two hundred and thirty remained loyal to their oath: Among the latter we find the name of Farragut the hero; of Fairfax; of Craven; and Winfield Scott Schley — he of Santiago fame.

So long as sectionalism seeks to sweep away the distinguishing line between loyalty and disloyalty — between patriotism and that spirit which never was patriotic — just so long must the pages of the past remain open — just so long must "*Eternal Vigilance*" be maintained.

This record, carefully compiled and preserved by the government, proves full well that patriotism arose paramount in the souls of some, while others, less strong, surrendered to that "Cause condemned by the highest tribunals of intelligence throughout the world."

Sorrowfully Mr. Lincoln examined the lists of names and then, without passion, he wrote these words in his message to Congress, July fourth, eighteen sixty-one:

"Great honor is due to the officers who remained true, despite the example of their treacherous associates."

He also incorporated in that document the following paragraph:

"It might seem, at first thought, to be of little difference whether

the present movement at the South he called 'Secession or rebellion.' The movers, however, well understand the difference. At the beginning they knew they could never raise their treason to any respectable magnitude by any name which implies violation of law."

In the message referred to he also dwelt at some length upon the fact that "to the last man, so far as known, the common soldiers and the common sailors resisted all efforts to force them into rebellion against the Government they loved," and which they were under oath to defend.

Mr. Lincoln was deeply grieved over the loss of so many of his ablest officers. This was especially true of one who was among the most brilliant, and who was among the last to leave and espouse the cause of the South.

The loss of that officer — Colonel Robert E. Lee — deeply depressed and humiliated Mr. Lincoln.

He had regarded him as a loyal and patriotic supporter of the Union and the flag under which he had won renown.

The President was so well satisfied of his loyalty that he had promoted him to the rank of Colonel; and it must be remembered that he again took the oath to "defend the Union against all enemies and oppressors, whatsoever, domestic as well as foreign."

That we may obtain a clearer view of this case, its vital bearing upon the subject before us, and also its intimate connection with the entire list of West Point graduates who violated their oaths, let us consider certain testimony which has now become historic — testimony from the pen of Lee himself, who was, January 23, 1861, stationed at San Antonio, Texas.

His entire letter, written to his son — Custis Lee — at Arlington, Virginia, is published in a book by Henry Alexander White — a Southern historian.

It is now my privilege to quote from the letter as published:

"I have just concluded the reading of Everett's life of Washington — enjoyed it very much.

"How his spirit would be grieved could he see the wreck of his mighty labors!

"I will not, however, permit myself to believe, until all the ground for hope is gone, that the fruits of his noble deeds will be destroyed, and that his precious and virtuous example will so soon be forgotten by his Countrymen.

"As far as I can judge from the papers we are between a state of anarchy and civil war.

"May God avert both these evils from us.

“The framers of our Constitution never would have exhausted so much labor, wisdom, and forbearance in its formation, and surrounded it with so many guards and securities, if it was intended to be broken by any member of the Confederacy at will.

“It is intended for a perpetual Union, so expressed in the preamble, and for the establishment of a Government, not a compact, which can be dissolved only by revolution, or the consent of all the people in convention assembled.

“It is idle to talk of secession; anarchy would otherwise have been established by Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson, and all the other patriots of the Revolution.”

Those lines from the pen of Robert E. Lee should be preserved in bronze to be read by the rising generations.

No truer sentiments ever sprang from the lips of Washington, or Webster, or Jackson, or Henry Clay.

The pen, held fast in the hand of Lee on that January day, traced not a word, or sentence, that would betray other than the emotions of a heart resolved to remain true, a soul inspired only by the loftiest spirit of patriotism — such patriotism as he well knew would soon be called upon to defend the Union, the Constitution, and the flag.

But let us look toward another day: Let us behold a change — a change so startling that it almost challenges belief:

Lieutenant-Colonel Lee was called, and he hastened to Washington.

At once he was taken into the confidence of Mr. Lincoln and General Scott.

He accepted promotion to the rank of Colonel, held up his hand and took the solemn oath.

He was looked upon by his superior officer, and the President, as the best qualified for the highest command, with the rank of “General-in-Chief.”

Thirty days went by, when Sumter was fired upon and a new flag appeared in the sky.

Then it was that rebellious voices were heard above the roar of battle, saying “We deny the right of this Republic longer to live. We propose to tear it down.”

Then it was that Colonel Lee absented himself from his office. He avoided the President and appeared reluctant to meet his brother officers.

General Scott, becoming suspicious, summoned him into his presence. Of the interview, history says:

“General Scott asked Colonel Lee, point blank, whether he intended to resign with those officers who proposed to take part with their respective states, or remain in the service of the Union.

“Colonel Lee made no reply; whereupon ‘Old Chapultepec’ came directly to the point, saying:

“‘I suppose you will go with the rest.

“‘If you propose to resign, it is proper that you should do so at once. Your present attitude is an equivocal one.’

“Colonel Lee then answered in these words: ‘The property belonging to my children — all they possess — lies in Virginia. They will be ruined if they do not go with their state.

“‘I cannot raise my hand against my children.’ ”

The history further says:

“Colonel Lee called at the office of Adjutant-General Lorenzo Thomas, and said: ‘General Thomas, I am told you said I was a traitor.’

“General Thomas arose and, looking him in the eye, replied: ‘I have said so; do you wish to know on what authority?’

“‘Yes,’ said Colonel Lee.

“‘Well, on the authority of General Scott.’ ”

Colonel Lee returned at once to his Arlington home.

The following day he sent his resignation to General Scott by a messenger, and proceeded to Richmond where a commission to the rank of General in the Confederate Army awaited him. He accepted that commission three days before his resignation was acted upon and accepted by the Government.

In view of his letter, written in good faith and clear conscience to his son, and his subsequent acts — his promotion — his holding up the property of his children as of paramount importance — his precipitate departure and immediate entrance into the Confederate service — in view of all this it becomes our privilege to inquire:

Was he a patriot? The world will accept the verdict of his pen — “The pen mightier than the sword.”

Was he loyal? The letter to his son will forever stand as a barrier — a bold impeachment.

Was he true? In March he took a solemn oath that he would defend the Government; in April he repudiated that oath and drew his sword to destroy the Government.

Property stood foremost. The love of property was greater than his love for the Union of States.

April 21st — three days after Lee left Washington — Captain

U. S. Grant, then not in the service, wrote a letter to his father in which he said:

"We are now in the midst of trying times when every one must be for, or against, his Country, and show his colors, too, by every act.

"Having been educated for such an emergency at the expense of the Government, I feel that it has, upon me, superior claims — such claims as no ordinary motives of self-interest can surmount. . . .

"Whatever have been my political opinions before, I have but one sentiment now. That is, we have a Government, and laws, and a flag, and they must all be sustained.

"There are but two parties now — Traitors and Patriots, and I want, hereafter, to be ranked with the latter and, I trust, the stronger party.

"I do not know but you may be placed in an awkward position, and a dangerous one pecuniarily, but costs cannot now be counted. My advice would be to leave where you are if you are not safe with the views you entertain.

"I would never stultify my opinion for the sake of a little security."

Which one of the two is entitled to "the tribute of patriotism"? — he before whose eyes property loomed like a mountain, or he who wrote: "I would never stultify my opinion for the sake of a little security. We have a Government, and laws, and a flag, and they must all be sustained."

The last chapters of the final history will not be closed until the actors from that vast theater of tragedies shall have all passed away.

Will the pen of that historian hesitate?

Will he turn back the pages and read the warning words by "The Father of his country" — he who foresaw it all — he whose last message must never be allowed to grow dim?

"IN VAIN WOULD THAT MAN CLAIM THE TRIBUTE OF PATRIOTISM WHO SHOULD LABOR TO SUBVERT THESE GREAT PILLARS OF HUMAN HAPPINESS — THESE FIRMEST PROPS OF THE DUTIES OF MEN AND CITIZENS."

Not for the nursing of passion; for that has long since perished in many breasts; but for the preservation of a high ideal, and a lofty patriotism, should these truths be told: They should be told, not because of the past, but because of the future — not because

of a history that is closed, but that such history may never be subverted, or submerged to the detriment of everlasting truth.

Some say: "Let the dead past bury its dead."

He, who would close his eyes to the past, is unworthy of pointing the way where future generations may safely tread.

Should the example of those who deserted — the one hundred and eighty-seven, or the example of those who remained true — the ninety-one — be held up for National emulation — held up for the future generations to follow?

And how about Farragut, and the two hundred and thirty that remained true?

While the war was raging Jefferson Davis said:

"We are rebels, and, if defeated, we expect to hang."

The man who could tolerate Libby, and approve Andersonville, could not appreciate the kindly heart of him who spoke "With malice toward none; with charity for all."

A fourth of a century later, while sojourning through the South, he said: "My people will yet win back by diplomacy all we lost by the sword. They may reconstruct the men of the South but the women? Never!"

Shall his prophecies come to pass?

When but nine years of age, "Hannibal, harkening to the will of his father, swore, upon the altar of sacrifice, eternal enmity to Rome."

How well the child of "the lion's brood," when he became the Carthaginian chief, kept his word, the fate of unhappy Rome can tell.

Teachings, adverse to the love of Lincoln and the flag, are being covertly and insidiously instilled into the youthful minds of millions where sentiment plays an important part — teachings under the Stars and Bars.

Shall the prophecies of Davis prove true?

Go, ask the babe whose listening ear notes each heart-beat within its mother's breast.

Shall purity of purpose prevail?

Go, light the fires in Freedom's watch-towers, and make them burn so bright that no cloud may fall to dim the halo now gathering and glowing around Lincoln's tomb.

Shall loyalty to the deeds of Lincoln outshine disloyal sentiment?
Go forth and teach a Nation-wide patriotism.
Unfurl the flag lighted by eight and forty stars.
Throw it to the top of the mast above every school of learning,
every court-house, every public building, from the frozen lakes to
the Rio Grande.
Teach patriotism: Teach it in song and story:
Teach it in the language of him who wrote:

“What constitutes a state?
Not high-raised battlements and labored mound,
Thick wall and moated gate;
Not cities proud with spires and turrets crowned;
Not bays and broad-armed ports
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
Not starred and spangled courts
Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride;
But men — high-minded men —
With powers, as far above dull brutes endured
In forest, break and glen,
As beasts excel cold rocks and bramble rude —
Men who their duties know,
Yet know their right and, knowing, dare maintain,
Prevent the long-aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain:
These constitute a state,
And sovereign law — that state’s collected will —
O’er thrones and globes elate,
Sits Empress crowning good, suppressing ill.”

Hope has ever looked toward Washington; and so let us hope that, amid the hours of social flatteries, amid the calls for reciprocal legislation, the true and strong will say: “Not by my vote shall you be permitted to destroy the distinguishing line between loyalty and disloyalty — between those whom Mr. Lincoln called ‘the true,’ and those whom he characterized, ‘the treacherous;’ not by my vote shall Freedom’s victory be stultified, as would be the case should we place upon National pedestals the leaders of that ‘CAUSE’ which would have crushed the Nation down: Not by my vote shall we teach the inquiring ages to revere the swords that drew from Liberty’s veins her best and bravest blood.”

In the last chapter of General John B. Gordon's book he says:

"When the end came, and when General Lee realized that Appomattox was the grave of his people's hopes, he regretted that Providence had not willed that his own life should end there also.

"He not only said, in substance, to Colonel Venable of his staff, and to others, that he would rather die than surrender the Cause, but he said to me on that morning that he was sorry he had not fallen in one of the last battles." This is the recorded testimony of Gordon.

No such magnanimity, as that awaiting Lee at the McLean house, was ever before extended to "crushed and conquered foe;" no such generosity was ever recorded in all the world as that freely given by General Grant.

But regardless of all that, Lee preferred a grave to the outstretched hand of his victor.

He preferred death rather than life with the humiliation of defeat.

No eyes could then see, and no hearts can now contemplate the emotions struggling within his soul that day.

Visions of the past in all their horrid sights rose up before him:

He saw the South laid waste, her industries destroyed, her cities in ruins, her fairest fields blighted by the burning breath of war.

Upon her torn bosom, wherever he gazed, he saw vast assemblages of human bones.

Tears coursed his cheeks as he thought of his once happy South needlessly plunged into tempests of blood — hopelessly crushed by the iron hoof of war — homes, that once rang with laughter, dark in woe — firesides, once joyous, moaning by the vacant chair — faces, once beaming, bowed in grief: All this he saw, and more: From the mountains to the sea, from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, wherever his sad gaze fell he saw the fulfillment of the poet's dream:

"The rock-ribbed ledges drip with a horror of blood,
And Echo there, whatever is asked her, answers death."

Again he was at Gettysburg.

Again he was calling unto himself: Why was it that my veterans failed?

"They were flushed with victories from Bull Run — a hundred battles and more — victories all along the way.

"Fresh from Chancellorsville, with 'triumph' written on our banners, we marched on Gettysburg.

“Why was it, gun for gun and man for man, we failed to sweep the staggered troops of Meade aside, encompass Washington, install our President in the White House, proclaiming victory to our Cause?

“Why did we fail?

“Will the world rebuke my patriotism?

“None led with greater courage than did Armistead, under Pickett, that day; and, dying, he said: ‘Tell General Hancock, that I know I did my country a great wrong when I took up arms against her for which I am sorry, but for which I cannot live to atone.’

“Will the words of his repentance ring down the ages? Will his admissions rebuke the ‘Cause’ I espoused?

“God has denied my prayers.

“Heavy my knees on Negroes’ chains.

“In vain my pleadings.

“And here the grave of my people’s hopes!

“Would that Death had called me before this day.”

And so, from that mighty day, the world has asked:

“Why did the South fail?”

Was it because she lacked the power? No:

Was it because she lacked arms, ammunition, and all the death-laden engines of war? No!

Was it because her lands were unable to produce an abundance? No.

Was it because she lacked men? No!

It was because of a Power stronger than bone and sinew and flesh and blood — a Power mightier than the power of man — it was the Power of God.

As in the days of Egypt and Rome, the registries of Heaven had decreed that slave-holders’ deeds must be blotted out — that the pathway of Liberty must be made clear and that a higher humanity was destined to advance under the guiding hand of a living, loving, and eternal God.

Throughout all the years since the great struggle a persistent teaching has gone on in the South telling their children that “no commanders could have led with such daring, and no soldiers could have fought with such devotion, as did theirs, unless convinced they were in a ‘cause’ that was right,” and that “justice was on their side.”

Did their leaders display a greater genius or their soldiers fight with more courage than did Alexander and his legions, from the Mediterranean to the Ganges, from Macedon to the Southern Seas, conquering, scourging, crushing, and even annihilating all within the reach of their wicked spears?

And did Alexander, with his warriors, believe they were wrong?

Did these soldiers of the South fight with greater valor than did the Romans as they reached out in triumph, until she stood "Mistress of the world?"

And did Rome believe that her conquests were wrong?

And Napoleon, what shall we say of him? What comparison can be made other than to crush this sentimental claim so absolutely absurd?

Napoleon! He destroyed thrones, rearing one for himself out of the wrecks he wrought — out of the chaos created by his own despotic power.

All Europe trembled before him.

Nations shuddered beneath the blows of his blood-stained sword.

A pretended patriot, himself, he swept away the civilizations of centuries without remorse or shame.

Did the soldiers of Lee fight with more courage than those under the Corsican chief?

And did the Corsican ever acknowledge that he was wrong?

No! No! Notwithstanding all the heroisms and all the sufferings of the South, through her long years of travail, that argument fades away beneath the searchlight seeking the truths of history — fades away before the eyes of an intelligent, fair, and far-seeing world.

As we draw this lesson to a close let us contemplate, for a few moments, the life of the one man to whom the greatest meed of praise is due for all the blessings we now enjoy — him whose faith in the cause of truth and right inspired the noblest manhood that ever sprang to arms in a just and righteous cause.

It is said that "Socrates drew philosophy down from the skies and scattered it in the schools and institutions of learning."

Abraham Lincoln was the greatest philosopher of modern times.

His school was the school of Nature. Practical wisdom was his. His heart was a storehouse of patriotic virtue, of patriotic devotion, and patriotic love.

You will search history in vain to find a single selfish act, or disloyal deed, committed by him.

As Socrates drew from the skies his philosophy, so Abraham Lincoln drew from the laws of God the noblest gifts, the purest purposes, and the most profound reasoning of the age in which he lived, and he gave them all that this Republic should not perish, that constitutional law should not be blotted out, and that the liberties of man might be lifted to a higher plane than they had ever reached before.

When we reflect upon the trials and travail through which he led his people upward and onward into a stronger and better life, we can but exclaim: What lessons he laid before us: What gifts he bequeathed, not alone for the preservation of this Republic, but that her ennobling influence might be extended even into the heart of all nations under the guiding hand of God!

No greater solicitude for mankind, and no loftier or nobler sentiments, than those which found birth in the tortured heart of Abraham Lincoln, have been given to the world since the days when the Savior walked the earth.

And so, for a few moments, let memory clasp hands with contemplation, let lessons of the past teach us how the future may be made the more substantial and secure.

In the fourth century a monk said:

“He, who does not obey the helm, will have to obey the rocks.”

With equal truth we can say: Wrecks of the past must be regarded as warning for the future.

Amid the storm, when hope grew dim, when the life of the Nation hung trembling in the balance, a vast assemblage gathered upon the field where the invading hosts had reached “high-tide,” only to roll back, even as the waves roll back and fall away from a steep and rugged shore.

The leaders of the Nation, both military and civil, were there. Distinguished statesmen and orators were there.

Among the words spoken, and which thrilled the great throng, were those by him who leads the list of the world’s patriots — him of whom the poet has written:

“And ’midst them Lincoln sat: immortal name,
That fairest stands among the sons of fame.”

Called upon, he rose, calm, sad, resolute, his words deliberate and deeply impressive:

"We cannot dedicate — we cannot consecrate — we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract.

"The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here.

"From those honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of their devotion — that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain — that this Nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom — and that government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth."

Without malice and without prejudice, that message was the clarion-call of Liberty, and it will ring down the ages as long as hope thrills the human heart and patriot-eyes are turned towards the Stars and Stripes.

We are told that, when this century shall have reached its meridian, there will be more than two hundred millions of people in the United States.

We need no assurance to know that, at the present rate of immigration, and at the present rate of increase, fifty years hence there will have come to these shores one hundred millions more from the old world.

A large portion of this conglomerate mass know nothing of our traditions, our laws, or the real meaning of our liberties; nor do they understand the cost of these blessed privileges they seek to enjoy.

I yield to no man in my appreciation of what the intelligent, the brave and patriotic foreign-born have done for the upbuilding of this Republic; nor should we ever forget their devotion in her days of darkest peril; and how they offered their lives upon our battle-fields that this Union might be preserved.

Previous to the war of the sixties serious conflicts had shaken Europe from side to side. It was a people's crusade against oppression and the tyranny of thrones.

Humanity was struggling to throw off the yoke of bondage, trying to improve mankind.

They failed: They fled the guillotine, the gallows, and the up-

lifted sword held in vengeful hands, struggling and striving to destroy them.

They sought the only Nation whose password was: "Liberty" — where equal rights prevailed.

They fought under the Stars and Stripes.

To them, let gratitude forever give her full meed of praise.

Many of their names are written high on the scroll of enduring fame.

It is not of such I speak; but I do speak of another class; and, if I possessed the power, I would post a relay of sentries at Castle Garden, with the Stars and Stripes above them and, as those endless thousands come pouring down the gang-plank, asking for admission here, I would require them to look up to that flag and, with their hands placed upon their hearts they should solemnly swear eternal allegiance to every principle, and obedience to every law for which it stands, and all — everyone — who would refuse, or fail to take that oath, with ordinary intelligence, should be denied an entrance here.

In the enlightenment of these vast armies of newcomers lies our Nation's greatest hope.

Their children should be brought in from the broad highways, the workshops, the thronging streets, and placed in schools.

They should be told of Gettysburg, and how, there, Lincoln spoke, and how those grass-grown hillsides hold, within their embrace, the sacred dust of Liberty's dead.

They should be told of the martyrs who died that this Union might live — that the flag of stars might remain in the sky.

Again and again they should be told the story, until, with the emblem of freedom floating above them, they, with our children and our children's children standing beside them, freely join in these undying words uttered at the grave-side of war's desolation:

"We here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain."

If this Republic is to endure, if it is to grow in power and influence among the nations of the earth, all — all — of her people, regardless of nationality — regardless of former allegiance, or section of this land — all must obey the Constitution, and respect the flag as Washington made it, and as Lincoln preserved it, with those who rallied around it at his call.

Commercial and financial powers are good, doubtless imperative to the Nation's progress; but, be it remembered, there is no power

that can long endure without patriotism as its deepest and strongest corner-stone.

Captains of industry and commanders of mighty wealth, even to mounting millions, are good, doubtless indispensable in this age of gigantic growth and great achievements; but unless these captains and these commanders obey the law, and respect the spirit of patriotism which made this Republic what it is and what it stands for, then their strength will perish and fall, or the Nation will perish and fall before them.

In this free Republic loyalty in times of peace is imperative to the preservation of that which patriotism achieved in times of war.

Some speak of the past as "the dead past."

I unhesitatingly say: Should the time ever come when this Republic, saved by martyr's blood and sanctified by mothers' tears, ceases to remember her dead, then the day will be at hand when the process of disintegration shall begin.

Although nearly fifty years have gone by since the roar of cannon ceased we have, yet remaining, a large number of those who learned their lessons of patriotism in that school, where, as Mr. Lincoln said, "it must be determined whether a Nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal, can long endure."

They are graduates of that school.

They are veterans of bloody fields.

Of them we may consistently say: They are of the survival; but they, too, must bow to His will, and as they go, the great chain which has so long bound past and present together, is breaking, link by link, and, ere long, it will all have perished and faded away.

Shall the future prove their labors vain?

Will the great ages hearken back and heed?

If true patriotism is to be taught, the truths of history must be told.

Some years ago the *London Times* in discussing the sacrifices and struggles of mankind to reach a higher level and better life, said:

"There is an immense power in facts.

"Wherever there is public opinion; wherever there are common sense and common feeling, a fact is sure to have its weight.

"If there be a great and distressing body of facts with some great mystery, or iniquity, or error, or misfortune, connected with it, tell it and tell it, and tell it again.

“Tell it in a thousand forms.

“Tell it with perpetual variety of circumstances and novelty of view.

“Tell it of this locality; tell it of that.

“Tell it of the mass, and tell it of the individuals.

“Before a generation is past, the fact will speak for itself and find a cure.”

And so, the great and heroic past appeals to you, and to those who are to become the teachers of the younger generations: Tell the truth — the whole truth, and nothing but the truth — of our own immortal history.

Tell it to the thousands — tell it to the millions — coming to these shores.

Tell it to the school children from ocean to ocean, from northern lakes adown to the sun-kissed sea.

Tell it to the ten million lads, and the millions more, who must spring to arms should war's tocsin be heard again.

Tell of the atonement, that Liberty might live — that this noble Union might endure.

Hold up the star-lit flag — the herald of advancement, of enlightenment, of hope — the flag destined to blaze out the way and make clear the path up which all nations of the earth shall come in God's appointed time.

Tell of the drawn sword — the determined sword — that struggled to strike it down.

Tell how patriots prayed for it —

How lovers wept for it —

How heroes fought for it —

How martyrs died for it —

And how God's will kept it in the sky.

Tell the sad story of him who led his Nation through her years of anguish — her long night of woe, and who, watching for a rift amid the clouds, spake with all the devotion of a meek and lowly heart:

“FONDLY DO WE HOPE, FERVENTLY DO WE PRAY, THAT THIS MIGHTY SCOURGE OF WAR MAY SPEEDILY PASS AWAY,” and how, his prayer answered, his vision fulfilled, he passed beyond the purple hills into the full splendor of imperishable fame.

Yes! Tell the story, that this Republic shall not “perish from the earth” — “that these dead shall not have died in vain.”

As in war, all eyes are turned toward the flag — as in battle,

soldiers look up to it as a thing of life, the winds that waft it, the breezes that swell it — the breath of the Nation; so, where it goes, they go — where it leads, they follow.

Though human voices may be drowned amid the roar of battle, though the elements may threaten to engulf, so long as soldiers see their flag, there they remain.

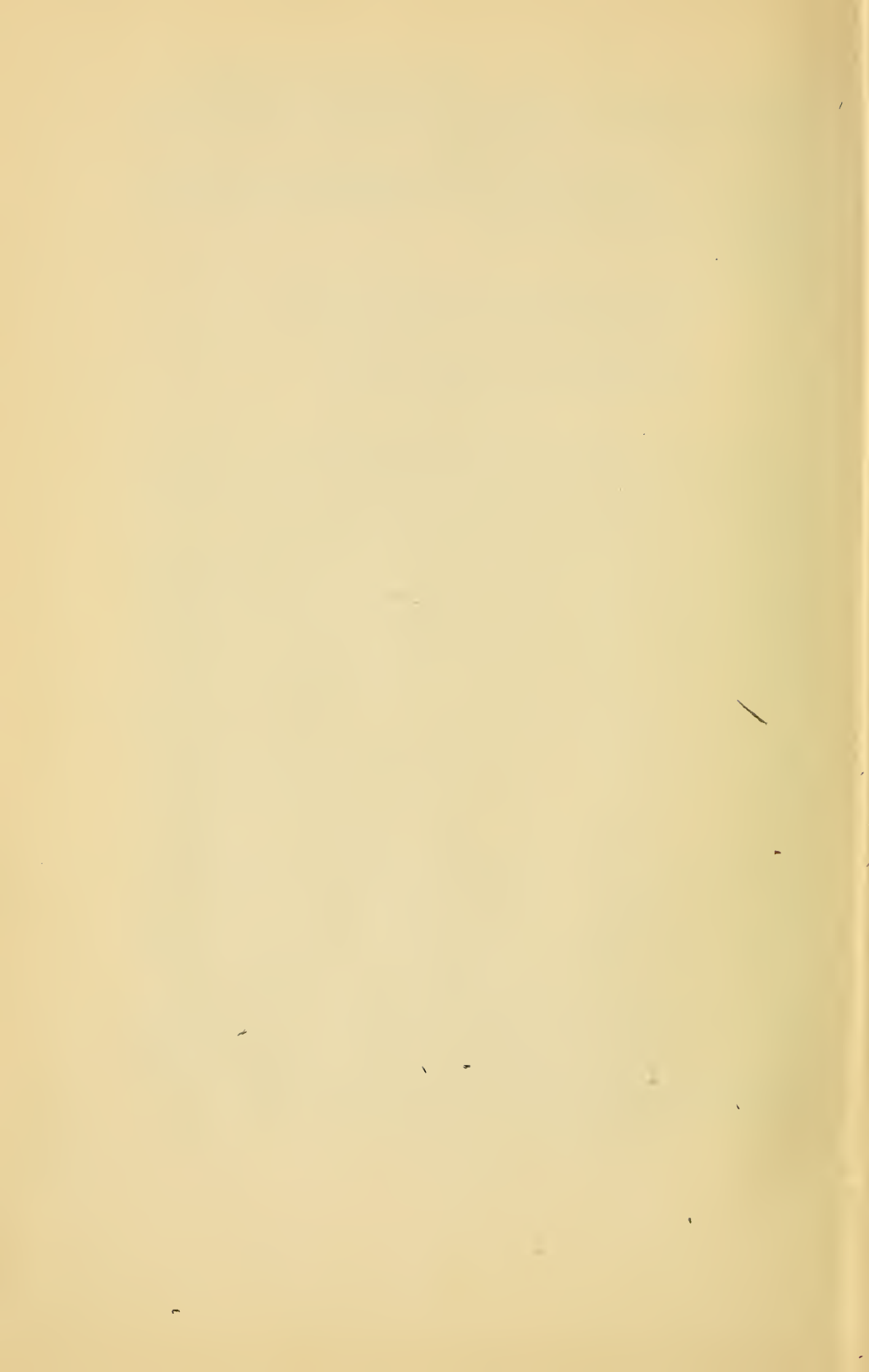
And so, in peace,

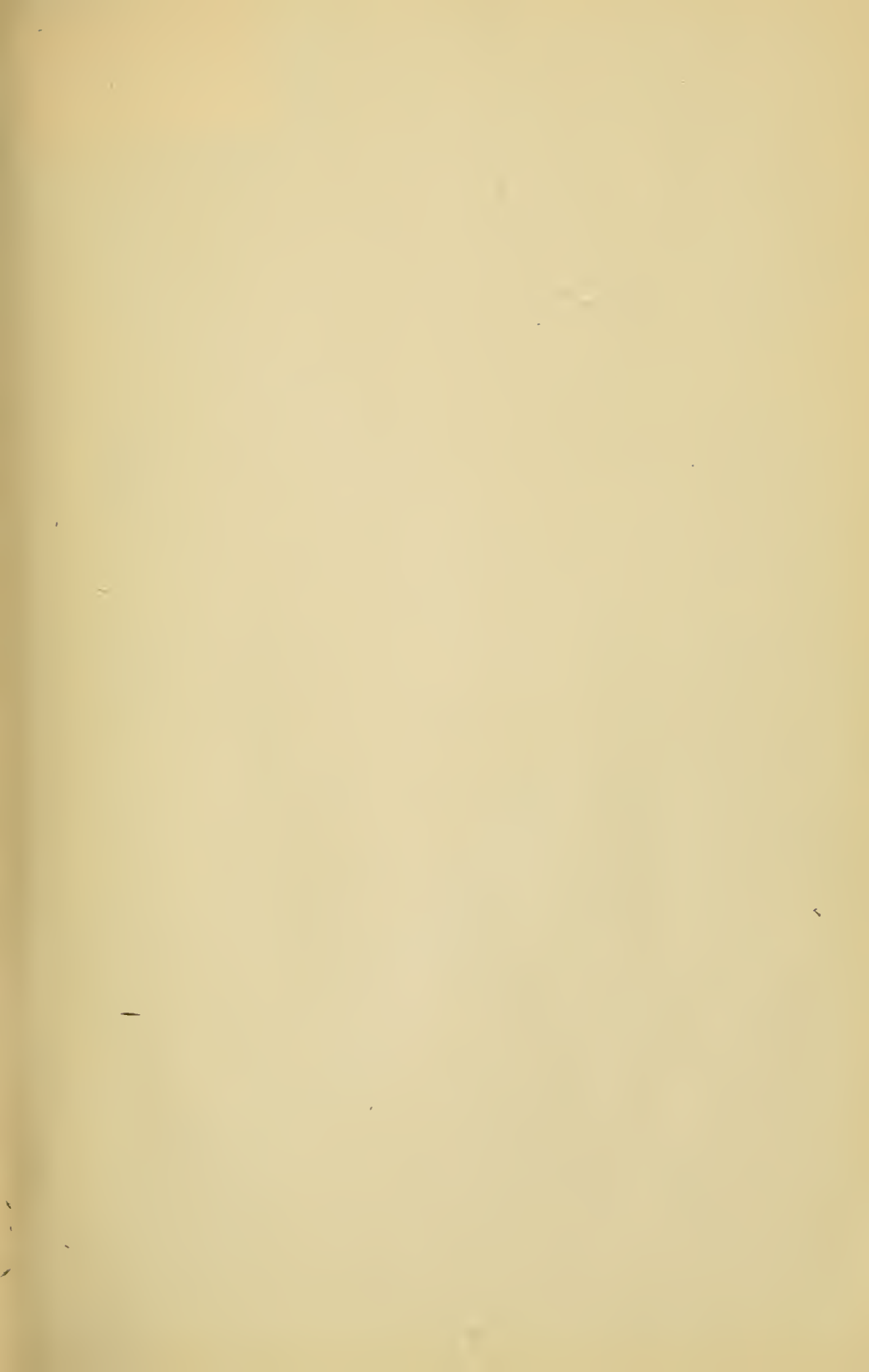
As long as all eyes are turned toward it —
As long as all hearts throb for it —
So long shall loyal hands uphold it,
And patriot-voices proclaim its praise.

As a closing thought I will offer this sentiment:

The sages tell us, this Nation shall stand throughout all time: That may be true; yet mortal man knoweth not; for, verily, the wisdom of God worketh by mysterious and hidden ways.

And if, my friends, all the illusions of ambitions realized — all the achievements of successful heroism — and all the accomplishments of this advanced civilization cannot secure to this Republic the permanency of its duration; and if, away down the distant ages, this triumphant “Star of Empire” shall have passed on to the westward, and still farther westward — if even the ETERNAL ARBITER of the world’s destiny shall have willed to cast about us the shadows of a western mediævalism; when this great social fabric shall have faded away like mists upon the horizon; when this grand Republic shall have fallen from its proud pedestal upon the mighty structure of Time, and the tongue of the Anglo-Saxon shall be handled only by the lips of strangers; then — then — at last, shall the generations, looking this way, view this great Nation as the supreme figure in the vortex of history — a Nation without a model, a Nation without a peer — dropped by the hand of God into the midst of this troubled world to promote all that is good, all that is true, and all that is noble in our wondrous humanity, thus presenting to all coming time the Divine principle of a free and enlightened “government of the people, by the people, for the people” — a Government whose flag, baptized in the blood of martyrs, has blazed out the way, bearing onward its message of “PEACE AND GOOD WILL TO EVERY LAND and every people along the path of the sun.”





LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 012 052 352 1



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 012 052 352 1

